and heere ile be and there ile be, for our Towne, and here againe, and there againe: ha, Boyes, heigh for the weavers.

1. This muſt be done i'th woods.

4. O pardon me.

2. By any meanes our thing of learning ſees ſo: where he himſelfe will edifie the Duke moſt parlouſly in our behalfes: hees excellent i'th woods, bring him to'th plaines, his learning makes no cry.

3. Weele ſee the ſports, then every man to's Tackle: and Sweete Companions lets rehearſe by any meanes before The Ladies ſee us, and doe ſweetly; and God knows what May come on't.

4. Content; the ſports once ended, wee'l performe. Away Boyes and hold.

Arc. By your leaves honeſt friends: pray you whither goe you.

4. Whither? why, what a queſtion's that?

Arc. Yes, tis a queſtion, to me that know not.

3. To the *Games* my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

Arc. Not farre Sir,
Are there ſuch *Games* to day?

1. Yes marry are there:
And ſuch as you never ſaw; The *Duke* himſelfe
Will be in perſon there.

Arc. What paſtimes are they?

2. Wraſtling, and Running; Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

Arc. Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir
Take your owne time, come Boyes

1. My minde miſgives me
This fellow has a vengeance tricke o'th hip,
Marke how his Body's made for't

2. Ile be hangd though
If he dare venture, hang him plumb porredge,
He wraſtle? he roſt eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt 4.*

Arc.

Arc. This is an offerd oportunity
I durſt not wiſh for. Well, I could ha
The beſt men calld it excellent, and run
Swifter, then winde upon a feild of Cor
(Curling the wealthy eares) never flew
And in ſome poore diſguize be there, w
Whether my browes may not be girt w
And happines preferre me to a place,
Where I may ever dwell in ſight of her.

Scæna 4. *Enter Iailors Daug*

Daugh. Why ſhould I love this G
He never will affect me; I am baſe,
My Father the meane Keeper of his Pri
And he a prince; To marry him is hopel
To be his whore, is witles; Out upon
What puſhes are we wenches driven to
When fifteene once has found us? Firſt
I (ſeeing) thought he was a goodly man
He has as much to pleaſe a woman in h
(If he pleaſe to beſtow it ſo) as ever
Theſe eyes yet lookt on; Next, I pittied
And ſo would any young wench o' my C
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Mayde
To a yong handſom Man; Then I lov'd
(Extreamely lov'd him) infinitely lov'd h
And yet he had a Coſen, faire as he too.
But in my heart was *Palamon*, and there
Lord, what a coyle he keepes? To heare
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is?
And yet his Songs are ſad-ones; Fairer
Was never Gentleman. When I come in
To bring him water in a morning, firſt
He bowes his noble body, then ſalutes me
Faire, gentle Mayde, good morrow, may
Get thee a happy husband; Once he kiſt
I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after
Would he would doe ſo ev'ry day; He gr
And me as much to ſee his miſery.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Mal. 24